THE

BEAUTIES

OF

Dr. YOUNG's

NIGHT-THOUGTS.

Suave eſt magno tollere acervo.

HOR.

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NIGHT

THE

FIRST.

TIR'D nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy ſleep!
He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Wh[illegible] ſmiles; the wretched he forſakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſullied with a tear.

———————————and *night*,
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is ſunſhine, to the colour of my fate.

Night, ſable goddeſs! from her ebon throne,
In rayleſs majeſty, now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkneſs, how profound!
Nor eye, nor liſt'ning ear, an object finds:
Creation ſleeps. 'Tis, as the general pulſe
Of life ſtood ſtill, and nature made a pauſe.

Silence, and darkneſs! ſolemn ſiſters! twins
From antient night; who nurſe the tender thought
To reaſon, and on reaſon build *reſolve*,
(That column of true majeſty in man)
Aſſiſt me!——

Oh *thou!* whoſe word from ſolid darkneſs ſtruck
That ſpark, the ſun; ſtrike wiſdom from my ſoul;

My ſoul, which flies to thee, her truſt, her treaſure,
As miſers to their gold, whilſt others reſt.

Through this opaque of nature, and of ſoul,
This double night, tranſmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to chear. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various ſcenes of life and death;
And from each ſcene, the nobleſt truths inſpire.
Nor leſs inſpire my *conduct*, than my ſong;
Teach my beſt reaſon, reaſon; my beſt will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm reſolve,
Wiſdom to wed, and pay her long arrear.

The bell ſtrikes *One*. We take no note of time,
But from its loſs. To give it then a tongue,
Is wiſe in man. As if an angel ſpoke,
I feel the ſolemn ſound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? with the years beyond the flood.
It is the ſignal which demands diſpatch:
How much is to be done! my hopes and fears

Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomleſs abyſs.

✻o✻

A worm! a God! I tremble at myſelf,
And in myſelf am loſt! at home a ſtranger,
Thought wanders up and down, ſurpriz'd, aghaſt,
And wond'ring at her own—

✻❖✻

While o'er my limbs *ſleep*'s ſoft dominion ſpreads,
What, though my ſoul phantaſtic meaſures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathleſs woods; or down the cragged ſteep
Hurl'd headlong, ſwam with pain the mantled pool;
Or ſcal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds
With antic ſhapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaſeleſs flight, though devious, ſpeaks her nature
Of ſubtler eſſence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her groſs companion's fall.
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims my ſoul immortal:
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal heav'n huſbands all events;
Dull ſleep inſtructs, nor ſport vain dreams in vain.

Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;
Inters celeſtial hopes, without one ſigh.
Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wiſhes; wing'd by Heav'n
To fly at infinite, and reach it there,
Where ſeraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, faſt by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambroſial cluſt'ring glow,
In *his* full beam, and ripen for the juſt,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time and pain, and chance and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threeſcore years,
To puſh eternity from human thought,
And ſmother ſouls immortal in the duſt?
A ſoul immortal, ſpending all her fires,
Waſting her ſtrength in ſtrenuous idleneſs,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd
At ought this ſcene can threaten, or indulge,
Reſembles ocean into tempeſt wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

———————————How I dreamt
Of things impoſſible! (could ſleep do more?)

Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of ſtable pleaſures on the toſſing wave!
Eternal ſunſhine in the ſtorms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapeſtries of pictur'd joys,
Joy behind joy, in endleſs perſpective!
Till—at death's toll, (whoſe reſtleſs iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal)
Starting I woke, and found myſelf undone.
Where now my phrenſy's pompous furniture?
The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is *royalty* to *me!*
The ſpider's moſt attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliſs: it breaks at every breeze.

Oh ye bleſt ſcenes of permanent delight!——
Could you, ſo rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghaſtly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadiſe the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above theſe rolling ſpheres,
The baleful influence of whoſe giddy dance
Sheds ſad viciſſitude on all beneath.

Each *moment* has its fickle, emulous
Of *Time*'s enormous ſcythe, whoſe ample ſweep
Strikes Empires from the root; each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower ſphere
Of ſweet domeſtic comfort, and cuts down
The faireſt bloom of ſublunary bliſs.

Death! great proprietor of All! 'tis thine
To tread out Empire, and to quench the ſtars.
The ſun himſelf by thy permiſſion ſhines,
And one day, thou ſhalt pluck him from his ſphere.

Thought, buſy thought! too buſy for my peace!
Through the dark poſtern of time long elaps'd,
Led ſoftly by the ſtillneſs of the night,
Led, like a murderer,——————
——————— ſtrays o'er the pleaſing *paſt*;
In queſt of wretchedneſs perverſely ſtrays,
And finds all deſart now; and meets the ghoſts
Of my departed joys, (a numerous train!)

I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blaſted cluſters I lament;
I tremble at the bleſſings once ſo dear;
And every pleaſure pains me to the heart.

✵o✵

The *ſmootheſt* courſe of nature has its pains,
And *trueſt* friends, through error, wound our reſt.

✵o✵

How ſad a ſight is human happineſs
To thoſe whoſe thought can pierce beyond an hour!
Oh thou! whoe'er thou art, whoſe heart exults!
Would'ſt thou I ſhould congratulate thy fate?

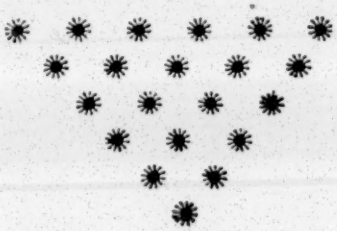
✵o✵

In human hearts what bolder thought can riſe,
Than man's preſumption on *to-morrow*'s dawn?

✵o✵

All men think all men mortal, but themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,

Soon cloſe, where paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no ſcar the ſky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Even with the tender tear which nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their grave.



NIGHT

THE

SECOND.

YOUTH——
Part with it as with money, ſparing; pay
No moment, but in purchaſe of its worth:
And what its worth—aſk death-beds; they can tell.

Who wants *amuſement* in the flame of battle?
Is it not treaſon to the ſoul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuſe, when med'cines cannot cure?
When ſpirits ebb, when life's enchanting ſcenes
Their luſtre loſe, and leſſen in our ſight,

(As lands and cities with their glittering ſpires
To the poor ſhatter'd bark by ſudden ſtorm
Thrown off to ſea, and ſoon to periſh there)
Will toys amuſe? no: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and ſkies ſeem duſt upon the ſcale.

He pleads time's num'rous blanks; he loudly pleads
The ſtraw-like trifles on life's common ſtream.
From whom thoſe blanks and trifles, but from thee?
No *blank*, no *trifle*, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *purpos'd* virtue, ſtill be thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once; this leaves
In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the bleſs'd art of turning all to gold;
This, the good heart's prerogative to raiſe
A *royal* tribute from the *pooreſt* hours.
Immenſe revenue! every moment pays.
If nothing more than *purpoſe* in thy power,
Thy *purpoſe* firm is equal to the *deed*—

Pregnant with all eternity can give——

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when paſt by; what then is ſeen,
But his broad pinions ſwifter than the winds?

And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt, cry out on his career.

Life's cares are comforts; ſuch by heav'n deſign'd;
He who has none, muſt make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The ſoul is on the rack; the rack of reſt,
To ſouls moſt adverſe; action all their joy.

Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How taſteleſs! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us ſtill;
The ſpirit walks of every day deceas'd;
And ſmiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

Nor death, nor life delight us. If time paſt,
And time poſſeſs'd, both pain us, what can pleaſe?
That which the Deity to pleaſe ordain'd,
Time *uſed*. The man who conſecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honeſt aim,
At once he draws the ſting of life and death,
He *walks with Nature*; and her paths are peace.

Not on thoſe terms was *time* (heav'n's ſtranger!) ſent
On his important embaſſy to man.——
Not on theſe terms, from the great days of heav'n,
From old eternity's myſterious orb,
Was *time* cut off, and caſt beneath the ſkies;
The ſkies, which watch him in his new abode,
Meaſuring his motions by revolving ſpheres;——
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play,
Like numerous wings, around him as he flies:
Or rather, as unequal plumes, they ſhape
His ample pinions, ſwift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his antient reſt,
And join anew *eternity* his ſire.

Why ſpur the ſpeedy? why with levities
New-wing thy ſhort, ſhort day's too rapid flight?

———————————————Where then
Thy ſports? thy pomps?—I grant thee in a ſtate
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* ſhroud,
Thy *Parian* tomb's triumphant arch beneath.
Has *death* his fopperies? then well may *life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow ſhine.

How will you weather an *eternal night*,
Where ſuch expedients fail?

Oh treacherous conſcience! while ſhe ſeems to ſleep
On *roſe* and *myrtle*, lull'd with Siren ſong;
While ſhe ſeems nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *appetite* the ſlacken'd rein,
And give us up to licence, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—See, from behind her ſecret ſtand,
The ſly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the groſs *act* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres *fancy's* airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable ſpy,
Liſt'ning, o'erhears the whiſpers of our camp;

Our dawning purpoſes of heart explores,
And ſteals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious uſurers conceal
Their doomſday-book from all-conſuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence moſt ſevere, ſhe treats
Us ſpendthrifts of ineſtimable time;
Unnoted, notes each moment miſapplied;
In leaves more durable than leaves of braſs,
Writes our whole hiſtory; which *death* ſhall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear;
And *judgment* publiſh; publiſh to more worlds
Than this; and endleſs age in groans reſound.

✻○✻

To day is *yeſterday* return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raiſe, adorn,
And reinſtate us on the rock of peace.

✻✥✻

Where ſhall I find him? angels! tell me where.
You know him; he is near you: point him out:
Shall I ſee glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footſteps by the riſing flowers?
Your golden wings, now hov'ring o'er him, ſhed
Protection; now are waving in applauſe

To that bleſs'd ſon of foreſight! Lord of fate!
That awful independent on *to-morrow!*
Whoſe *work is done*; who triumphs in the *paſt*;
Whoſe *yeſterdays* look backwards with a ſmile.

Life's little ſtage is a ſmall eminence,
Inch high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around;
We read their monuments; we ſigh; and while
We ſigh, we ſink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot.

'Tis greatly wiſe to talk with our paſt hours,
And aſk them,—what report they bore to heav'n;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their anſwers form what men *experience* call;
If wiſdom's friend, her beſt; if not, worſt foe.
O reconcile them! kind experience cries,
" There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
" The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
" And by ſucceſs are tutor'd to deſpair."
Nor *is* it only thus, but *muſt* be ſo.
Who knows not this, though grey, is ſtill a child.

Looſe then from earth the graſp of fond deſire,
Weigh anchor, and ſome happier clime explore.

Art thou ſo moor'd, thou can'ſt not diſengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future ſcenes?
Since, by life's paſſing breath, blown up from earth,
Light as the ſummer's duſt, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull maſs, increaſe the trodden ſoil,
And ſleep till earth herſelf ſhall be no more:
Since then (as emmets, their ſmall world o'erthrown)
We, ſore-amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,
And riſe to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controuler of the ſkies)
As man's deſpotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
(Oh how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
Should not each warning give a ſtrong alarm?
Warning, far leſs than that of boſom torn
From boſom, bleeding o'er the ſacred dead!
Should not each *dial* ſtrike us as we paſs,
Portentous as the *written wall* which ſtruck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud *Aſſyrian* pale,
E're while high-fluſh'd with inſolence and wine?
Like *that*, the dial ſpeaks——
"Oh man, thy kingdom is departing from thee."

———————In reaſon's eye
That ſedentary ſhadow travels hard.

Know'ſt thou, what a friend contains?
As bees mixt nectar draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from *friendſhip*, wiſdom and delight;
Twins ty'd by nature; if they part, they die.
Haſt thou no friend to ſet thy mind abroach?
Good ſenſe will ſtagnate. Thoughts ſhut up, want air,
And ſpoil, like bales unopen'd to the ſun.
Had thought been all, ſweet ſpeech had been denied.

Celeſtial *happineſs*, whene'er ſhe ſtoops
To viſit earth, one ſhrine the goddeſs finds,
And one alone, to make her ſweet amends
For abſent heav'n—the boſom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally ſoft,
Each other's pillow to repoſe divine.

——— Pride repreſs, nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchaſe; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends ſuch miracles below.

The chamber, where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye prophane! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the bleſſing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your diſeaſe.

NIGHT

THE

THIRD.

OH loſt to virtue, loſt to manly thought,
Loſt to the noble ſallies of the ſoul,
Who think it ſolitude to be alone!
Communion ſweet! communion large and high!
Our reaſon, guardian angel, and our God!
Then neareſt theſe, when others moſt remote;
And all, ere long, ſhall be remote, but theſe.
How dreadful, *then*, to meet them all alone!

A ſtranger! unacknowleg'd, unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breaſt—

Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed, at beſt; but oft a ſpear;
On its ſharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

And turn the gayeſt thought of gayeſt age,
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.

The vale of death! that huſh'd *Cimmerian* vale,
Where *darkneſs*, brooding o'er unfiniſh'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
That ſubterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought.

Expoſe the vain of life; weigh life and death:
Give death his eulogy; thy fear ſubdued;
And labour that firſt palm of noble minds,
A manly ſcorn of terror from the tomb—

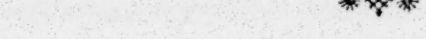
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainleſs ardors; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wiſe.

The thought of *death* ſhall, like a God, inſpire.
And why not think on *death?* is life the theme
Of every thought? and wiſh of every hour?
And ſong of every joy? ſurprizing truth!
The beaten ſpaniel's fondneſs not ſo ſtrange.
To wave the numerous ills which ſeize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;
E'er man has meaſur'd half his weary ſtage,
His luxuries have left him no reſerve,
No maiden reliſhes, unbroach'd delights;
On cold ſerv'd repetitions he ſubſiſts.

Live ever here!—ſhocking thought!
So ſhocking, they who wiſh, diſown it too;
Diſown from ſhame what they from folly crave.

To what are they reduc'd? to love, and hate,
The ſame vain world; to cenſure and eſpouſe

This painted ſhrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad,
Through dread of worſe; to cling to this rude rock,
Barren, to *them*, of good, and ſharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending ſtorms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope——



He ſins againſt *this* life, who ſlights the *next*.
What is *this* life? how few their fav'rite know?
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By paſſionately loving life we make
Lov'd life unlovely;——————
We give to *time*, *eternity*'s regard,
And dreaming, take our *paſſage* for our port.

Life is much flatter'd; death is much traduc'd;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.

——————Bluſh at fondneſs for a life,
Which ſends celeſtial ſouls on errands vile
To cater for the ſenſe; and ſerve at boards

Where ev'ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, juſtly claims our upper hand.

———————————Death is victory,
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
Luſt, and *ambition*, *wrath*, and *avarice*,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
————————————'Tis our harveſt, rich
And ripe: what though the ſickle, ſometimes keen,
Juſt ſcares us as we reap the golden grain,
More than thy balm, Oh Gilead! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and *death*'s deep diſmal groan
Are ſlender tributes low tax'd nature pays,
For mighty gain: the gain of each, a *life!*

NIGHT

THE

FOURTH.

THE knell, the ſhroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkneſs, and the worm;
Theſe are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the *living*, not the *dead*.
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thouſand deaths in fearing one.

A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long rifled life of ſweet can yield no more,
But from our *comment* on the *comedy*;
Pleaſing *reflections* on parts well ſuſtain'd;
Or purpos'd emendations where we fail'd;
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,
When, on their exit, ſouls are bid unrobe,
Toſs *fortune* back her tinſel, and her plume,
And drop this maſk of fleſh behind the ſcene.

Ambition's ill judg'd effort to be rich.

Wiſhing, of all employments, is the worſt;
Philoſophy's reverſe, and health's decay.

Bleſt be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at reſt beneath this humble ſhed.
The world's a ſtately bark, on dangerous ſeas

With pleaſure ſeen, but boarded at our peril:
Here, on a ſingle plank, thrown ſafe on ſhore,
I hear the tumult of the diſtant throng,
As that of ſeas remote, or dying ſtorms;
And meditate on ſcenes more ſilent ſtill;
Purſue my theme, and fight the *fear of death*.
Here, like a ſhepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his ſtaff,
Eager ambition's fiery chace I ſee;
I ſee the circling hunt of noiſy men
Burſt law's incloſure, leap the mounds of right,
Purſuing, and purſu'd, each other's prey;
As wolves for rapine; as the fox for wiles,
Till *death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or ſoar in fame,
Earth's higheſt ſtation ends in—"Here he lies:"
And "duſt to duſt" concludes her nobleſt ſong.

***

Oh my coevals!———————————
Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
Shall we, ſhall aged men, like aged trees,

Strike deeper our vile root, and cloſer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched ſoil?
Shall our pale wither'd hands be ſtill ſtretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerneſs and age?
With av'rice, and convulſions, graſping hard?
Graſping at *air?* for what has earth beſide?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long;
How ſoon muſt he reſign his very duſt,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
Years unexperienc'd ruſh on num'rous ills;
And ſoon as man, expert from time, has found
The key of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miſs ſuch numbers; numbers too of ſuch,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And ſtricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's ſubtle game; I ſcarce believe
I ſtill ſurvive:———————————

Oh! thou great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial ſun!
Whoſe all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkneſs, teeming darkneſs, where I lay—

——————————high to bear my brow,
To drink the ſpirit of the golden day,
And triumph in exiſtence; and couldſt know
No motive, but my bliſs; and haſt ordain'd
A *riſe* in bleſſing! with the patriarch's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I truſt in thee, and know in whom I truſt.

———————Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtleſs beneath whoſe dreadful eye they bow
In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt; and turn their backs on thee,
Great ſire! whom thrones celeſtial ſing!

Oh may I breathe no longer than I breathe
My ſoul in praiſe to him who gave my ſoul,
And all her infinite of proſpect fair,
Cut through the ſhades of hell, great love! by thee,
Oh moſt adorable! moſt unador'd!
Where ſhall that praiſe begin, which ne'er ſhould end?
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applauſe?
How is night's ſable mantle labour'd o'er,

How richly wrought, with attributes divine!
What wiſdom ſhines! what love! this midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
For others this profuſion: thou, apart,
Above, beyond! Oh tell me, mighty mind!
Where art thou? ſhall I dive into the deep?
Call to the ſun, or aſk the roaring winds,
For their creator? ſhall I queſtion loud
The thunder, if in that th'Almighty dwells?
Or holds he furious ſtorms in ſtraighten'd reins,
And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car?

The nameleſs *He*, whoſe nod—is nature's birth,
And nature's ſhield, the ſhadow of his hand.

And ſhall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter, in duſt and ſin, the theme of heav'n?
Down to the center ſhould I ſend my thought,
Through beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants luſtre for my lay;
Goes out in darkneſs: if, on tott'ring wing,
I ſend it through the boundleſs vault of ſtars;

(The ſtars, though rich, what droſs their gold to *thee*,
Great! good! wiſe! wonderful! eternal King!)
If to thoſe conſcious ſtars thy throne around,
Praiſe ever-pouring, and imbibing bliſs;
And aſk their ſtrain; they want it, more they want,
Poor their abundance, humble their ſublime,
Languid their energy, their ardor cold,
Indebted ſtill, their higheſt rapture burns
Short of its mark, defective, though divine.

Where what now charms, perhaps whate'er exiſts,
Old *time*, and fair creation, are forgot.

How ſwift the ſhuttle flies that weaves thy ſhroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from thee,
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird ſtrugling to get looſe, is going;
Scarce now poſſeſs'd, ſo ſuddenly 'tis gone;
And each ſwift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By ſtrides as ſwift: Eternity is all;

And whoſe eternity? who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliſs!
——————Thy conſcience ſhall reply.

By the great edict, by divine decree,
Truth is depoſited with man's *laſt hour*;
An honeſt hour; and faithful to her truſt.——

NIGHT

THE

FIFTH.

——————Do not angels ſing?
There is in *poeſy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when ſhe ſpeaks to *proſe*
Her younger ſiſter; haply not more wiſe——

***

By *day*, the ſoul o'erborn by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reaſon, joſtled by the throng.

By *day* the ſoul is paſſive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken, e'er mature.
By *night* from objects free, from paſſion cool,
Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpreſs'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of one world confin'd;
But from *ethereal* travels light on *earth*,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repoſe.

✹o✹

Darkneſs has more divinity for me,
It ſtrikes thought inward; it drives back the ſoul
To ſettle on herſelf, our point ſupreme.
There lies our theatre; there ſits our judge.
Darkneſs the curtain drops o'er life's dull ſcene;
'Tis the kind hand of providence ſtretch'd out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis reaſon's reign,
And virtue's too; theſe tutelary ſhades
Are man's aſylum from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's friend, and guardian too,
It no leſs *reſcues* virtue, than *inſpires*.

Virtue for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature ſuffers in the croud,

Nor touches on the world, without a ſtain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.

———————————A ſlight, a ſingle glance,
And ſhot at random, often has brought home
A ſudden fever to the throbbing heart
Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure deſire*.

Few are the faults we flatter, when alone.
Vice ſinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By *night*, an atheiſt half believes a God.

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conſcious moon, through ev'ry diſtant age,
Has held a lamp to wiſdom, and let fall
On *contemplation*'s eye her purging ray.
The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from heav'n
Philoſophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,

While o'er his head———

———————the ſtars in ſilence ſlide,
And ſeem all gazing on their future gueſt,
See him ſoliciting his ardent ſuit
In private audience: all the live-long night
Rigid in thought, and motionleſs he ſtands;
Nor quits his theme, or poſture, till the ſun
Diſturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! ſtol'n from the black waſte
Of murder'd time! auſpicious midnight, hail!
The world excluded, every paſſion huſh'd,
And open'd a calm intercourſe with heav'n,
Here the ſoul ſits in council; ponders *paſt*,
Predeſtines *future* action; ſees, not feels
Tumultuous life, and reaſons with the ſtorm.

———————The cluſt'ring thoughts around
Spontaneous riſe, and bloſſom in the ſhade;
But droop by *day*, and ſicken in the ſun.
Thought borrows light elſewhere; from that *firſt* fire,
Fountain of admiration!

———————Thus, with all—
What are we? how unequal! now we ſoar,
And now we ſink; to be the *ſame*, tranſcends
Our preſent proweſs. Dearly pays the ſoul
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.
Reaſon, (a baffled counſellor!) but adds
The bluſh of weakneſs, to the bane of woe.
The nobleſt ſpirit fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, duſky region, charg'd with ſtorms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or flying, ſhort her flight, and ſure her fall.
Our utmoſt ſtrength, when down to riſe again,
And not to yield, though beaten, all our praiſe.

———————————I, who late,
Emerging from the ſhadows of the grave,
Where grief detain'd me pris'ner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlaſting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, ſhook off pain,
Mortality ſhook off in ether pure,
And ſtruck the ſtars; now feel my ſpirits fail——

✵o✵

Grief! more proficients in thy ſchool are made,
Than *Genius*, or proud *Learning* e'er could boaſt.

✵o✵

Genius, too hard for *right*, can prove it wrong:
And loves to boaſt, where bluſh men leſs inſpir'd.

✵o✵

That wiſe it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
To glory; and to pleaſure gives the reſt.

✵o✵

But *wiſdom* ſmiles, when humbled mortals weep.
When ſorrow wounds the breaſt, as ploughs the glel
And hearts obdurate feel her ſoft'ning ſhower;
Her ſeed celeſtial, then glad wiſdom ſows,
Her golden harveſt triumphs in the ſoil.

✵✥✵

I'll range the plenteous intellectual field,
And gather ev'ry thought of ſov'reign power
To chaſe the moral maladies of man——

Thoughts, which may bear tranſplanting to the ſkies,
Though natives of this coarſe penurious ſoil;
Nor wholly wither there, where ſeraphs ſing,
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heaven.
Reaſon, the ſun that gives them birth, the ſame
In either clime, though more illuſtrious *there*.

Friends counſel quick diſmiſſion of our grief.
Miſtaken kindneſs! our hearts heal *too ſoon*.
Are they more kind than him who ſtruck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And baniſh peace, till nobler gueſts arrive,
And bring it back, a true, and endleſs peace?
Calamities are friends: as glaring day
Of heav'n's unnumber'd luſtres robs our ſight;
Proſperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine to man.

See from her tomb, as from an humble ſhrine,
Truth, radiant goddeſs! ſallies on my ſoul,
And puts *deluſion*'s duſky train to flight!
Diſpels the miſts our ſultry paſſions raiſe,

From objects low, terreſtrial, and obſcene;
And ſhews the real eſtimate of things,
Which no man, unafflicted, ever ſaw;
Pulls off the veil from virtue's riſing charms;
Detects *temptation* in a thouſand lyes.
Truth bids me look on men as autumn leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the ſummer's duſt
Driv'n by the whirlwind; lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things inviſible, feel things remote,
Am preſent with futurities; think nought
To man ſo foreign, as the joys poſſeſs'd;
Nought ſo much his, as thoſe beyond the grave.

No *folly* keeps its colour in her ſight;
Pale *wordly wiſdom* loſes all her charms.

Why are friends raviſh'd from us? 'tis to bind
By ſoft affection's tyes, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which reaſon, too ſupine,
Or miſemploy'd, ſo rarely faſtens there.
Nor reaſon, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!

Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief aim of life,
Though well to ponder it, is life's chief end.

Is it, that life has ſown her joys ſo thick,
We can't thruſt in a ſingle care between?
Is it, that life has ſuch a ſwarm of cares,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that *time* ſteals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream?
To day is ſo like *yeſterday*, it cheats,
We take the lying ſiſter for the ſame.
Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook,
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the ſame brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the ſame life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the ſame; the ſame we think
Our life, though ſtill more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the *much* irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the ſea. Or ſhall we ſay
That life is like a veſſel on the ſtream?
In life embark'd, we ſmoothly down the tide
Of *time* deſcend, but not on time intent;
Amus'd, unconſcious of the gliding wave,

Till on a ſudden, we perceive a ſhock,
We ſtart—awake, look out; what ſee we there?
Our brittle bark is burſt on Charon's ſhore.

⁂

Or is it *fear* turns ſtartled *reaſon* back,
From looking down a precipice ſo deep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wiſely plac'd
By nature conſcious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming ſword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's moſt ſmiling hour,
The *good* man would repine; would *ſuffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd ſkies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein,
Bound o'er the barrier, ruſh into the dark,
And mar the ſchemes of providence below.

What groan was that——furies! riſe!
And drown, in your leſs execrable yell,
Britannia's ſhame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black ſullen ſoul,
Blaſted from hell, with horrid luſt of death.

Thy friend, the brave, the gallant *Altamont*,
So call'd, ſo thought—And then he fled the field.
Leſs baſe the fear of death, than fear of life.

***

The ſoul of man (let man in homage bow
Who names his ſoul, a native of the ſkies!)
High-born, and free, her freedom ſhould maintain,
Unfold, unmortgag'd for earth's little bribes.
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger, in this foreign land,
Like ſtrangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of earth ſuſpicious, earth's inchanted cup
With cool reſerve light-touching, ſhould indulge
On *immortality* her godlike taſte;
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet *there*.

***

When by the bed of languiſhment we ſit,——
Or o'er our dying friends, in anguiſh hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or ſtay the ſinking head,
Number their moments, and in every clock,
Start at the voice of an eternity;
See the dim lamp of life juſt feebly lift

An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then ſink again, and quiver into death,
That moſt pathetic herald of our own;
How read we ſuch ſad ſcenes? as ſent to man
In perfect vengeance? no; in pity ſent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impreſs,
Indelible, death's image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himſelf.
We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we ſmile.
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
Our quick-returning folly cancels all;
As the tide ruſhing raſes what is wrote
In yielding ſands, and ſmooths the letter'd ſhore.

Some weep in earneſt, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiſcretion, as in woe.
Paſſion, blind paſſion! impotently pours
Tears which deſerve more tears; while *reaſon* ſleeps—

When the ſick ſoul, her wonted ſtay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and ſorrows in the duſt;
Inſtead of learning *there* her *true* ſupport,

(Though there thrown down her true ſupport to learn)
Without heav'n's aid, impatient to be bleſs'd,
She crawls to the next ſhrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the ſtately cedar's arms ſhe fell;
With ſtale, foreſworn embraces, clings anew,
The ſtranger weds, and bloſſoms, as before.

Tell me, ſome God! my guardian angel! tell
What thus infatuates? what inchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death,
Already at the door? he knocks; we hear him;
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? what miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thouſand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily ſhunn'd?
We ſtand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourſelves;
Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal ſtill;
We ſee *time*'s furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his aſſault.

Walk thoughtful on the ſilent, ſolemn ſhore
Of that vaſt ocean it muſt ſail ſo ſoon——

o

——————The thought plied home
Will ſoon reduce the ghaſtly precipice
O'er hanging hell, will ſoften the deſcent,
And gently ſlope our paſſage to the grave.

o

——————And e'er her ſciſſars cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of *moral* death, that ties me to the world.
Sting thou my ſlumb'ring *reaſon* to ſend forth
A thought of obſervation on the foe.

o

——————By heav'n's decree
To plant the ſoul on her eternal guard
In awful expectation of her end—

o

——————————Death!
Though maſter of a wider empire far,
Than that o'er which the Roman eagle flew—

'Twas in the circle of the gay I ſtood—
——— Death underneath the pride
Of coſtly linen tuck'd his filthy ſhroud.

Death treads in *pleaſure*'s footſteps round the world,
When *pleaſure* treads the paths, which reaſon ſhuns.
When, againſt reaſon, riot ſhuts the door,
And gaiety ſupplies the place of ſenſe,
Then, foremoſt at the banquet, and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or ſtamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carouſing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs to ſee them laugh at him,
As abſent far; and when the revel burns,
When *fear* is baniſh'd, and triumphant thought
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Againſt him turns the key, and bids him ſup
With their progenitors—he drops his maſk,
Frowns out at full; they ſtart, deſpair, expire—

✸o✸

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✸o✸

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✷○✷

And now, Lorenzo, doſt thou wrap thy ſoul
In ſoft ſecurity, becauſe unknown
Which moment is commiſſion'd to deſtroy?
In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is death uncertain? therefore be thou fix'd;
Fix'd as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouſe, ſtand in arms, nor lean againſt thy ſpear;
Leſt ſlumber ſteal one moment o'er thy ſoul,
And fate ſurprize thee nodding. Watch, be ſtrong:
Thus give each day the merit, and renown
Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's period hidden (as from moſt)
Hide too from thee the precious uſe of life.

✷○✷

Fortune, with youth and gaiety, conſpir'd
To weave a triple wreath of happineſs
(If happineſs on earth) to crown her brow.
And could death charge through ſuch a ſhining ſhield?

That ſhining ſhield invites the tyrant's ſpear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,

And ſtrongly preach humility to man.
Oh! how portentous is proſperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens while it ſhines!
Few years but yield us proof of *death*'s ambition,
To call his victims from the faireſt fold,
And ſheath his ſhafts in all the *pride of life*.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with every bliſs,
Set up in oſtentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy center of the public eye;
When *fortune* thus has toſs'd her child in air,
Snatch'd from the covert of an humble ſtate,
How often have I ſeen him dropp'd at once,
Our morning's envy! and our ev'ning's ſigh!
As if her bounties were the ſignal giv'n,
The flowery wreath to mark the ſacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the deſtin'd prey.

All ruſh rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
Sons o'er their fathers, ſubjects o'er their kings,
Prieſts o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
(Still more ador'd) to ſnatch the *golden ſhower*.

———————If (bleſt chance!)
Court-zephyrs ſweetly breathe—they launch, they fly,
O'er juſt, o'er ſacred, all forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning ſcent of place and pow'r,
Staunch to the foot of *lucre*, till they die.

NIGHT

THE

SIXTH.

——————————Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never ſat.
Our ſketch all random ſtrokes; conjecture all;
Cloſe ſhuts the grave, nor tells a ſingle tale.
Death, and his image riſing in the brain,
Bear faint reſemblance; never are alike;
Fear ſhakes the pencil, *fancy* loves exceſs,

Dark *ignorance* is laviſh of her ſhades,
And theſe the formidable picture draw.

How ſhort our correſpondence with the ſun!
And while it laſts, inglorious! our beſt deeds,
How wanting in their weight! our higheſt joys
Small cordials to ſupport us in our pain,
And give us ſtrength to ſuffer. But how great,
To mingle intereſts, converſe, amities,
With all the ſons of reaſon, ſcatter'd wide
Through habitable ſpace, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! to live free citizens
Of univerſal nature! to lay hold,
By more than feeble faith, on the ſupreme!
To call heav'n's rich, unfathomable mines
(Mines, which ſupport archangels in their ſtate)
Our own! to riſe in ſcience, as in bliſs,
Initiate in the ſecrets of the ſkies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan!———

How great, in the wide whirl of *time*'s purſuits,
To ſtop, and pauſe, involv'd in high preſage,

Through the long viſto of a thouſand years,
To ſtand contemplating our diſtant ſelves,
As in a magnifying mirror ſeen,
Enlarg'd, ennobl'd, elevate, divine!

Man's fates and favours are a theme in Heav'n.

What full day pour on all the paths of Heav'n,
And light the Almighty's footſteps in the deep!
How ſhall the bleſſed day of our diſcharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And ſtraiten its inextricable maze!

Let genius then deſpair to make thee great;
Nor flatter ſtation: What is ſtation high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boaſts, and begs:
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs, and miniſters, are awful names;
Whoever wear them challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact

External homage, and a ſupple knee,
To beings pompouſly ſet up, to ſerve
The meaneſt ſlave; all *more* is merit's due,
Her ſacred and inviolable right;
Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to ſuperior worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
And vote the *mantle* into majeſty.

Souls truly great dart forward on the wing
Of *juſt* ambition, to the grand reſult,
The curtain's fall; *there*, ſee the buſkin'd chief
Unſhod behind this momentary ſcene;
Reduced to his own ſtature, low or high,
As vice, or virtue, ſinks him, or ſublimes;
And laugh at this fantaſtic mummery,
This antic prelude of groteſque events,
Where dwarfs are often ſtilted, and betray
A littleneſs of ſoul, by worlds o'er-ran,
And nations laid in blood. Dread ſacrifice
To Chriſtian pride! which had with horror ſhock'd
The darkeſt pagans, offered to their Gods.

✷o✷

The day of death; that venerable day
Which ſits as judge; that day which ſhall pronounce
On all our days, abſolve them, or condemn.
———never ſhut thy thought againſt it—
That friend conſulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.

✷o✷

Ambition! pow'rful ſource of good and ill!
Thy ſtrength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When diſengaged from earth, with greater eaſe,
And ſwifter flight, tranſports us to the ſkies;
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
It turns a curſe———————

✷o✷

Ours are the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable pictures draw,
And beatifies creation's ample dome.

Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchleſs image, man admires.
Say then, ſhall man, his thoughts all ſent abroad,
Superior wonders in himſelf forgot,
His admiration waſte on objects round,
When Heaven makes him the ſoul of all he ſees?

Soon as this feeble pulſe, which leaps ſo long
Almoſt by miracle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbiſh from diſploding engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverſe; fly to foreigners and foes——

A competence is all we can enjoy:
Oh be content, where Heav'n can give no more!
More, like a flaſh of water from a lock,
Quickens our ſpirit's movement for an hour;
But ſoon its force is ſpent, nor riſe our joys
Above our native temper's common ſtream.

Much *learning* ſhews how little mortals know;
Much *wealth*, how little worldlings can enjoy:
At beſt, it babies us with endleſs toys,
And keeps us children, till we drop to duſt.

Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold
In debt to fortune, trembles at her power;
The man of reaſon ſmiles at her, and death.
Oh what a patrimony this! a being
Of ſuch inherent ſtrength and majeſty,
Not worlds poſſeſs'd can raiſe it; worlds deſtroy'd
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious courſe,
When thine, oh nature! ends: too bleſs'd to mourn
Creation's obſequies. What treaſure, this!
The *monarch* is a beggar to the man.

Immortal! ages paſt, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unſhorten'd by progreſſion infinite!
Futurity for ever future! life
Beginning ſtill, where computation ends.

Immortal! what can ſtrike the ſenſe ſo ſtrong?
As this the ſoul?———————
No more we ſlumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the ſound, th' exulting ſoul aſcends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us,
Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the ſtars.

———————Were but *One* immortal, how
Would others envy! How would thrones adore?

If earth's whole Orb by ſome due-diſtant eye
Were ſeen at once, her tow'ring Alps would ſink,
And level'd Atlas leave an even ſphere.
Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is ſwallow'd in *Eternity*'s vaſt round.
To that ſtupendous view, when ſouls awake,
So large of late, ſo mountainous to man,
Time's toys ſubſide, and *equal* all below.

Who, beaten by theſe ſublunary ſtorms,
Boundleſs, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd ?
What ſlave unbleſs'd, who from to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire ? He forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his abſent ſceptre waves.

Thou ! whoſe all-providential eye ſurveys,
Wheſe hand directs, whoſe ſpirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond !
Eternity's inhabitant auguſt !
Of two eternitys amazing Lord !
One paſt, ere man's, or angel's, had began ;
Aid ! while I reſcue from the foe's aſſault
Thy glorious immortality in man :
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite ! but reliſh'd moſt
By thoſe, who love thee moſt, who moſt adore.

———————————See, the Summer, gay
With her green chaplet, and ambroſial flow'rs,
Droops into pallid Autumn : Winter grey,
Horrid with froſt, and turbulent with ſtorm,
Blows Autumn, and his golden fruits, away :
Then melts into the Spring : ſoft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the South,
Recalls the firſt. All, to reflouriſh, fades.

———————————Theſe touch not *thee !*
The glories of the world thy ſev'nfold ſhield :
Other ambition than of crowns in air,
And ſuperlunary felicities,
Thy boſom warm——

Come, my Ambitious ! let us mount together,
And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
Look down on earth.-What ſeeſt thou? wond'rous things
Terreſtrial wonders, which eclipſe the ſkies.
What lengths of labour'd lands ! what loaded ſeas !

Loaded by man, for pleaſure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into ſervice brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can the eternal rocks his will withſtand;
What level'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains ſumptuous cities ſwell,
And gild our landſcape with their glitt'ring ſpires.
Some 'mid the wond'ring waves majeſtic riſe;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater ſtill! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions raviſh'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or ſouthward turn; to *delicate*, and *grand*,
The finer arts there ripen in the ſun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their Gods,
Aſcend the ſkies! the proud triumphal arch
Shews us half Heav'n beneath its ample bend.
High through mid air, *here*, ſtreams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers, *there*, laid by in baſons, ſleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; *there*, vaſt oceans join
Through kingdoms channel'd deep from ſhore to ſhore;
And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breaſt for formidable ſcenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the ſword?

See fields in blood; hear naval thunders riſe;
Britannia's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-ſea, furious waves! their roar amidſt,
——————————and ſays, "O main!
"Thus far, nor farther: new reſtraints obey."
Earth's diſembowell'd! meaſur'd are the ſkies!
Stars are detected in their deep receſs!
Creation widens! vanquiſh'd nature yields!
Her ſecrets are extorted! art prevails!
What moment of genius, ſpirit, power!

✵o✵

All our ambitions death defeats, but one;
And that it crowns——

NIGHT

THE

SEVENTH.

THE grave, his ſubterranean road to bliſs.

Reſolve me, why the *cottager*, and *king*,
He, whom ſea-ſever'd realms obey, and he
Who ſteals his whole dominion from the waſte,
Repelling winter-blaſts with mud and ſtraw;
Diſquieted alike, draw ſigh for ſigh,
In fate ſo diſtant, in complaint ſo near?

Is it, that things terreſtrial can't content?
Deep in rich paſture, will thy flocks complain?
Not ſo; but to their maſter is deny'd
To ſhare their ſweet ſerene. Man, ill at eaſe,
In this, not *his own* place, this foreign field,
Where nature fodders him with other food,
Than was ordain'd his cravings to ſuffice,
Poor in abundance, famiſh'd at a feaſt,
Sighs on for ſomething more, when moſt enjoy'd.
Is Heav'n then kinder to thy flocks, than thee?
Not ſo; thy paſture richer, but remote——

o

The glorious *foreigners*, diſtreſs'd, ſhall ſigh
On thrones——————

o

Hope, eager Hope, th' aſſaſſin of our joy,
All *preſent* bleſſings treading under foot,
Is ſcarce a milder tyrant than Deſpair.

Or own the ſoul immortal, or invert
All order. Go, mock majeſty! go, man!
And bow to thy ſuperiors of the ſtall;
Through every ſcene of *ſenſe* ſuperior far!
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the ſtream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitleſs hopes, regrets, deſpairs,
Mankind's peculiar! Reaſon's precious dower!
No foreign clime they ranſack for their robes;
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar:
Their good is good intire, unmix'd, unmarr'd;
They find a paradiſe in every field,
On boughs forbidden where no curſes hang:
Their *ill* no more than ſtrikes the ſenſe: unſtretch'd
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear.
When the *worſt* comes, it comes unfear'd; one ſtroke
Begins, and ends their woe: they die but *once*;
Bleſs'd, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the ſtars,
Philoſopher, or hero, ſighs in vain.

Thy ſoul, how paſſionately fond of fame!
How anxious that fond paſſion to conceal!
We bluſh, detected in deſigns on praiſe,
Though for beſt deeds, and from the beſt of men;
And why? becauſe immortal. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the ſoul;
Heav'n kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;
Bids it aſcend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which ſtoops to court a character from man;
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, ſit
Far more than man, with *endleſs* praiſe, and blame.

We wiſh our names eternally to live:
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Inſtinct points out an int'reſt in hereafter,
But our blind reaſon ſees not where it lies——

Fame is the ſhade of immortality——

" *Thought, virtue, knowledge!* bleſſings, by *thy* ſcheme,
All poiſon'd into pains. Firſt, *knowledge*, once
My ſoul's ambition, now her greateſt dread.
To *know myſelf*, true wiſdom!—no, to ſhun
That ſhocking ſcience, parent of Deſpair!
Avert thy mirror: if I ſee, I die.

" *Know my Creator!* climb his bleſs'd abode
By painful ſpeculation, pierce the veil,
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration!——on a *foe*,
Obtruding life, withholding happineſs!
From the full rivers which ſurround his throne,
Nor letting fall one drop of joy on man;
Man gaſping for one drop, that he might ceaſe
To curſe his birth, nor envy reptiles more!
Ye ſable clouds! ye darkeſt ſhades of night!
Hide *him*, for ever hide him from my thought,
Once all my comfort; ſource, and ſoul of joy;
Now leagu'd with furies, and with *thee*, againſt me!

" *Know his atchievements!* ſtudy his renown!
Contemplate this amazing univerſe
Dropp'd from his hand, with miracles replete!
For what? 'mid miracles of nobler name,
To find one miracle of *miſery?*
To find the being which alone can know
And praiſe his works, a blemiſh on his praiſe?
Through nature's ample range, in thought, to ſtroll,
And ſtart at *man*, the ſingle mourner there,
Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs, and death?

" Knowing is ſuffering: and ſhall *Virtue* ſhare
The ſigh of *Knowledge?* Virtue ſhares the ſigh.
By ſtraining up the ſteep of *excellent*,
By battles fought, and from temptation, won,
What gains ſhe, but the pang of ſeeing worth,
Angelic worth, ſoon ſhuffled in the dark
With every vice, and ſwept to brutal duſt?

Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!
Who feign yourſelves the fav'rites of the ſkies:

Ye tow'ring hopes! abortive energies!
Which toſs and ſtruggle in my lying breaſt,
To ſcale the ſkies, and build preſumptions there,
As I were heir of an eternity!—
Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
Why travel far in queſt of ſure defeat?
As bounded as my being, be my wiſh.
All is inverted, wiſdom is a fool.

✷○✷

All mortal and all wretched!—Have the ſkies
Reaſons of ſtate, their ſubjects may not ſcan,
Nor humbly reaſon, when they ſorely ſigh?

✷❖✷

————————I thank thee, *Reaſon!*
For aiding life's too ſmall calamities,
And giving being to the dread of death.
Such are thy *bounties!*—Was it then too much
For *me*, to treſpaſs on the brutal rights?
Too much for *heav'n* to make one emmet more?
Too much for *chaos* to permit my maſs
A longer ſtay with eſſences unwrought,
Unfaſhion'd, untormented into *man?*

✷o✷

" *Death*, then, has chang'd its nature too: oh death!
Come to my boſom, thou beſt gift of heaven!
Beſt friend of man! ſince man is man no more.
Why in this thorny wilderneſs ſo long,
Since there's no *promis'd land*'s ambroſial bower,
To pay me with its honey for my ſtings?——

" Why this illuſtrious canopy diſplay'd?
Why ſo magnificently lodg'd Deſpair?
At ſtated periods, ſure returning, roll
Theſe glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
Their length of labours, and of pains; nor loſe
Their miſery's full meaſure?—Smiles with flowers,
And fruits, promiſcuous, ever-teeming earth,
That man may languiſh in luxurious ſcenes,
And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
Claim earth and ſkies man's admiration, due
For *ſuch* delights? bleſs'd animals! too wiſe
To wonder; and too happy to complain!

" Our *doom decreed* demands a mournful ſcene:
Why not a dungeon dark, for the *condemn'd?*
Why not the dragon's ſubterranean den,
For man to howl in? why not his abode
Of the ſame diſmal colour with his fate?
A *Thebes*, a *Babylon*, at vaſt expence
Of time, toil, treaſure, art, for owls and adders;
As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high deſire;
If—from her humble chamber in the duſt,
While proud thought ſwells, and high deſire inflames,
The poor worm calls us for her inmates there;
And, 'round us, death's inexorable hand
Draws the dark curtain cloſe; undrawn no more.

" *Undrawn no more!*—Behind a cloud of death,
Once, I beheld a ſun; a ſun which gilt
That ſable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
How the grave's alter'd! fathomleſs, as hell!
A real hell to thoſe who dreamt of heaven.
Annihilation! how it yawns before me!
Next moment I may drop from thought, from ſenſe,
The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,

An outcaſt from exiſtence: and this ſpirit,
This all-pervading, this all-conſcious ſoul,
This particle of energy divine,
Which travels nature, flies from ſtar to ſtar,
And viſits Gods, and emulates their powers,
For ever is extinguiſh'd. Horror! death!
Death of that death I fearleſs once ſurvey'd!
When horror univerſal ſhall deſcend,
And heav'n's dark concave urn all human race,
On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
How juſt this verſe, this monumental ſigh!"

Beneath the lumber of demoliſh'd worlds,
Deep in the rubbiſh of the general wreck,
Swept ignominious to the common maſs
Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
Here lie proud Rationals; *the ſons of heaven!*
The lords of earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yeſterday, and no to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
All gone to rot in Chaos; *or to make*
Their happy tranſit into blocks or brutes,
Nor longer ſully their Creator's name.

Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
Is there no rock, on which man's toſſing thought
Can reſt from terror, dare his fate ſurvey,
And boldly think it *ſomething* to be born?
Amid ſuch hourly wrecks of Being fair,
Is there no central, all-ſuſtaining *baſe*,
All-realizing, all-connecting *power*,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can *recall*,
And force deſtruction to refund her ſpoil?
Command the grave reſtore her taken prey?
Bid death's dark vale its human harveſt yield,
And earth, and ocean pay their debt of man,
True to the grand depoſit truſted there?
Is there no potentate, whoſe out-ſtretched arm,
When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour,
Pluck'd from foul *Devaſtation*'s famiſh'd maw,
Binds preſent, paſt, and future, to his throne?

———————————each ſoul,
That ever animated human clay,

Now wakes; is on the wing: and where, O where,
Will the ſwarm ſettle?—When the trumpet's call,
As ſounding braſs, collects us, round heav'n's throne
Conglob'd, we baſk in everlaſting day,
(Paternal ſplendor!) and adhere for ever.

———————————for this glorious end
Th' Almighty, riſing, his long Sabbath broke;
The world was made; was ruin'd; was reſtor'd;
Laws from the ſkies were publiſh'd; were repeal'd;
On *Earth* kings, kingdoms, roſe; kings, kingdoms, fell;
Fam'd ſages lighted up the *Pagan* world;
Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
Through diſtant age; ſaints travell'd; martyrs bled;
By wonders ſacred nature ſtood controul'd;
The living were tranſlated; dead were rais'd;
Angels, and more than angels, came from heaven.

What ardor, care, and counſel, mortals cauſe
In breaſts divine! how little in their own!

Hence, heav'n looks down on earth with all her eyes :
Hence, the ſoul's mighty moment in her ſight :
Hence, every ſoul has partiſans above :
Hence, clay, vile clay, has angels for its guard,——

To ſend the ſoul, on curious travel bent,
Through all the provinces of human thought ;
To dart her flight through the whole ſphere of man ;
Of this vaſt univerſe to make the tour ;
In each receſs of ſpace and time, at home ;
Familiar with their wonders ; diving deep,
And, like a prince of boundleſs intereſts *there*,
Still moſt ambitious of the moſt remote———

What are earth's kingdoms to yon boundleſs orbs,
Of human ſouls, one day, the deſtin'd range ?
And what yon bonndleſs orbs, to godlike man ?
Thoſe num'rous worlds which throng the firmament,

And aſk more ſpace in heav'n, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and ſtill leave room
For ampler orbs———————

A *Chriſtian* dwells, like *Uriel*, in the ſun;
Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to flight——

Faith is not reaſon's labour, but repoſe.

Hope bids ambition quit its taken prize,
Spurn the luxuriant branch on which it ſits,
Though bearing crowns, to ſpring at diſtant game,
And plunge in toils and dangers—for repoſe.
If *hope* precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
Of little moment, and as little ſtay,
Can ſweeten toils and dangers into joys;
What then *that* hope which nothing can defeat?

This hope is earth's moſt eſtimable prize:
This is man's portion, while no more than man:
Hope, of all paſſions, moſt befriends us here;
Paſſions of prouder name befriend us leſs.
Joy has her *tears*; and tranſport has her *death*.
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though ſtrong,
Man's heart at once inſpirits and ſerenes;
Nor makes him pay his wiſdom for his joys;
'Tis all our preſent ſtate can ſafely bear,
Health to the frame, and vigour to the mind,
A joy attemper'd! a chaſtis'd delight!
Like the fair ſummer ev'ning, mild and ſweet.
'Tis man's full cup; his Paradiſe below——

NIGHT

THE

EIGHTH.

——————————How it hourly blows
Man's miſadventures round the liſtning world!
Man is the tale of narrative old Time;
Sad tale! which high as Paradiſe begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From ſtage to ſtage, in his eternal round,
The Days, his daughters, as they ſpin our hours,——
Each, in her turn, ſome tragic ſtory tells.

What is this ſublunary world? A vapour;
From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to ſwim its deſtin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt, and diſappear.

When young, with ſanguine chear, and ſtreamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and ſtar our friend;
All in ſome darling enterprize embark'd:
But where is he can fathom the event?——
Some ſteer aright; but the black blaſt blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full againſt wind and tide *ſome* win their way;
And when ſtrong effort has deſerv'd the port,
Tho' ſtrong their oar, ſtill ſtronger is their fate;
They ſtrike; and, while they triumph, they expire.

How few———————
With ſwelling ſails make good the promis'd port,

With all their wiſhes freighted! Yet ev'n theſe,
Freighted with all their wiſhes, ſoon complain:
Free from misfortune, not from nature free;
They ſtill are men; and when is man ſecure?

o

——————————The public path of life
Is dirty:—yet, allow that dirt its due,
It makes the noble mind more noble ſtill.

o

Virtue has her relapſes, conflicts, foes;
Foes which ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.

o

True greatneſs——"A deathleſs ſoul,
"Unbounded proſpect, and immortal kin,
"A father God, and brothers in the ſkies.

o

Fain would he make the world his pedeſtal,
Mankind the gazers, the ſole figure, he.

Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleaſure's gay family hold all in chains:
Some moſt affect the black; and ſome, the fair;
Some honeſt pleaſure court; and ſome, obſcene.
Pleaſures obſcene are various, as the throng
Of paſſions, that can err in human hearts;
Miſtake their objects, or tranſgreſs their bounds.
——————————Whoredom all,
But when our reaſon licenſes delight.
Thy father chides thy gallantries, yet hugs
An ugly, common harlot in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others gold:
And that hag, *Vengeance*, in a corner, charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as *Love*,
Where horrid Epicures debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, pleaſure is the mark;
For her, the dark aſſaſſin draws his ſword;
For her, dark ſtateſmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no *ſingle* ſacrifice may fall;
For her, the ſaint abſtains; the miſer ſtarves;
The ſtoic proud, for pleaſure, pleaſure ſcorn'd;

For her, Affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For her, guilt, ſhame, toil, danger, we defy;
And, with an aim *voluptuous*, ruſh on death.
Thus univerſal her deſpotic power.———
Pleaſure, is nought but virtue's gayer name;
Virtue the root, and pleaſure is the flower.

Pleaſure,———————————
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heav'n;
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The love of pleaſure is man's eldeſt born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wiſdom, her *younger* ſiſter, though more grave,
Was meant to miniſter, and not to mar
Imperial Pleaſure, queen of human hearts.

No man e'er found a happy life by chance;
An *art* it is, and muſt be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting effort, or be loſt.
Wealth may ſeek us; but wiſdom muſt be ſought.

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulp, and all its horror hides—

———————Is thy mind o'ercaſt?
Amid her fair ones, thou the faireſt chuſe,
To chaſe thy gloom.—"Go, fix ſome weighty *truth*;
"Chain down ſome *paſſion*; do ſome *generous good*;
"Teach Ignorance to ſee, or Grief to ſmile;
"Correct thy friend; befriend thy greateſt foe;
"Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,
"Spring up and lay ſtrong hold on him who made thee."

The houſe of laughter makes a houſe of woe.
A man *triumphant* is a monſtrous ſight;
A man *dejected* is a ſight as mean.
What cauſe for triumph, where ſuch ills abound?
What for dejection, where preſides a Power,
Who call'd us into being to be bleſs'd?

✵o✵

Can joy, like thine, ſecure itſelf an hour?
Or ope the door to honeſt Poverty?
Or talk with threat'ning Death, and not turn pale?

✵o✵

Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*,
Axes might ruſt, and racks and gibbets fall:—

✵o✵

The weak have *remedies*; the wiſe have joys—

✵o✵

Were all men happy, revellings would ceaſe,
That opiate for inquietude within.
————Never man was truly bleſs'd,
But it compos'd, and gave him ſuch a caſt,
As Folly might miſtake for want of Joy.

✵o✵

Senſe is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the *plume*;
The plume expoſes, but the helmet ſaves.

❋o❋

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw
(What nothing leſs than angel can exceed)
A man on earth devoted to the ſkies.

With aſpect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him ſeated on a mount ſerene,
Above the fogs of ſenſe, and paſſion's ſtorm;
All the black cares, and tumults of this life,
(Like harmleſs thunders, breaking at his feet)
Excite his pity, not impair his peace,
Earth's genuine ſons, the ſceptred, and the ſlave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he ſees
Bewilder'd in the vale—— ——

The preſent all *their* care; the future, *his*.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals:
Their virtues tarniſh nature; his exalt:
Mankind's eſteem they court; and he his own:
Their's, the wild chaſe of falſe felicities;
His, the compos'd poſſeſſion of the true.

Alike throughout is his conſiſtent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread ;
While party-colour'd ſhreds of happineſs,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe ; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and ſhews their nakedneſs.

Oh for a joy from *reaſon !* Joy from that
Which makes man *man* ; and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him *more* : a bounteous joy which gives,
And promiſes ; which weaves, with art divine,
The richeſt proſpect into preſent peace——

NIGHT

THE

NINTH AND LAST.

AS when a traveller, a long day paſt
In painful ſearch of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, awhile, his labour loſt;
Then chears his heart with what his fate affords,
And chaunts his ſonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due ſeaſon calls him to repoſe:
Thus I, long travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the reſt, the giddy maze,
Where *Diſappointment* ſmiles at *Hope's* career;

Warn'd by the languor of life's ev'ning ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble ſhed;
Where, future wand'ring baniſh'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the ſweet hour of reſt,
I chaſe the moments with a ſerious ſong.

Where the prime actors of the laſt year's ſcene?
Their port ſo proud, their buſkin, and their plume!
How many ſleep, who kept the world awake
With luſtre, and with noiſe! has *Death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandiſh'd ſtill; nor ſhall the preſent year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or ſpread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needleſs *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *gayeſt* ſcenes ſpeak man's mortality;
Though in a ſtile more florid, full as plain,
As mauſoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our nobleſt ornaments, but *Deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well ſtain'd canvas, or the featur'd ſtone?

Our fathers grace, or rather haunt the ſcene;
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

" Profeſs'd diverſions! cannot *theſe* eſcape?"
Far from it: theſe preſent us with a ſhroud;
And talk of Death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As ſome bold plunderers, for buried wealth,
WE RANSACK TOMBS FOR PASTIME; FROM THE DUST
CALL UP THE SLEEPING HERO; BID HIM TREAD
THE SCENE FOR OUR AMUSEMENT: HOW LIKE GODS
WE SIT, AND WRAPT IN IMMORTALITY,
SHED GENEROUS TEARS ON WRETCHES BORN TO DIE!
THEIR FATE DEPLORING, TO FORGET OUR OWN.

✷o✷

Each element partakes our ſcatter'd ſpoils;
As nature wide, our ruins ſpread; man's *death*
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
Which loves to wander in thy ſunleſs realms,
Oh *Death!* I ſtretch my view; what viſions riſe!
What triumphs, toils imperial, arts divine,
In wither'd laurels glide before my ſight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unſubſtantial images of air!
The melancholy ghoſts of dead renown,
Whiſp'ring faint echoes of the world's applauſe,
With penitential aſpect, as they paſs,
All point at earth, and hiſs at human pride,
The wiſdom of the wiſe, and prancings of the great.

———————Of *one* departed world
I ſee the mighty ſhadow; oozy wreath,
And diſmal ſea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, ſhe weeps her deſolated realms—

Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Veſuvius! rocks eternal pour
Their melted maſs, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars ruſh; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughſhare o'er creation!—while aloft,
More than aſtoniſhment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was ſeen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other ſtars!
Stars animate, that govern thoſe of fire;
Far other *ſun!*—a ſun, Oh how unlike
The babe at Bethlem! how unlike the man,
Who groan'd on *Calvary!*—yes, He it is;
That man of ſorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!
In grandeur terrible all heav'n deſcends!
And Gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A ſwift archangel, with his golden wing,
(As blots and clouds that darken and diſgrace
The ſcene divine) ſweeps ſtars and ſuns aſide.
And now, all droſs remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
While (dreadful contraſt!) far; how far beneath!

Hell, burſting, belches forth her blazing ſeas,
And ſtorms ſulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for their prey.

***

——————————This ſcene, the *laſt*
In Nature's courſe; the *firſt* in Wiſdom's thought.

***

Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which earth roſe from chaos, man from earth;
And an eternity, the date of Gods,
Deſcended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, deciſion, and deſpair!
At thought of *thee*, each ſublunary wiſh
Let's go its eager graſp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.

o

What hero, like the man who ſtands *himſelf?*
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone?
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Reſolv'd to ſilence future murm'rings there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone

✻○✻

Angels, whoſe radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order riſing, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, ſurround this ſcene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee ;————————

✻❖✻

Shall man alone, whoſe fate, whoſe final fate
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought ?
I think of nothing elſe ; I ſee ! I feel it !
All *nature*, like an earthquake trembling round !
All *Deities*, like ſummer-ſwarms, on wing !
All baſking in the full meridian blaze !
I ſee the *Judge* enthron'd ! the flaming guard !
The volume open'd ! open'd ev'ry heart !
A ſun-beam pointing out each ſecret thought !
No patron ! Interceſſor none ! Now paſt
The ſweet, the clement, mediatorial hour !
For guilt no plea ! to pain, no pauſe ! no bound !
Inexorable, all ! and all, extreme !

Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaſpheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder ſcarr'd;
Receives his ſentence, and *begins* his hell.
All vengeance paſt, now, ſeems abundant grace:
Like meteors in a ſtormy ſky, how roll
His baleful eyes! he curſes whom he dreads,
And deems it the firſt moment of his fall.

Nor in *eternity*, nor *time* I find thee.
Theſe, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all-elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate how beſt their pow'rs allied
May ſwell the grandeur, or diſcharge the wrath
Of Him, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vaſt fabrick for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) now burſting o'er his head;
His lamp, the ſun, extinguiſh'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkneſs, calls his ſons
From their long ſlumber; from earth's heaving womb,
To ſecond birth; contemporary throng!

Rous'd at *one* Call, upſtarting from *one* Bed,
Preſs'd in *one* croud, appall'd with *one* amaze,
He turns them o'er, Eternity, to thee.
Then (as a king depos'd diſdains to live)
He falls on his own ſcythe; nor falls alone;
His greateſt foe falls with him; Time, and he
Who murder'd all Time's offspring, *Death*, expire.

Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
Awful Eternity! offended queen!
And her reſentment to mankind, how juſt!
With kind intent, ſoliciting addreſs,
How often has ſhe knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hoſpitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
Yet bore repulſe, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while fouleſt foes found welcome there!
A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things but her ſmile.

For, lo! her twice ten thouſand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from *Indus* to the frozen pole,
With banners, ſtreaming as the comet's blaze,
And clarions, louder than the deep in ſtorms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,

Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkneſs; in a middle field,
Wide, as *creation!* populous, as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whoſe preceding ſcenes
Detain'd them cloſe ſpectators, through a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand reſult;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by GOD,
Who now, pronouning ſentence, vindicates
The rights of Virtue, and His own Renown.

Eternity, the various ſentence paſt,
Aſſigns the ſever'd throng diſtinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambroſial:———————
The *Goddeſs*, with determin'd aſpect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous ſize
Through Deſtiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.
Then, from the cryſtal battlements of heaven,
Down, down, ſhe hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand fathom; there to ruſt,
And ne'er unlock her reſolution more.
The deep reſounds, and hell, through all her glooms,
Returns in groans, the melancholy roar.

Oh how unlike the chorus of the ſkies !
Oh how unlike thoſe ſhouts of joy, which ſhake
The whole ethereal ! How the concave rings !
Nor ſtrange ! where Deities their voice exalt.
And louder far, than when Creation roſe,
To ſee *Creation*'s godlike aim, and end,
So well accompliſh'd ! ſo divinely clos'd.

Amidſt applauding worlds,
And worlds celeſtial, is there found on earth
A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious ſtring
Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains ?
All, all is *right*, by God ordain'd or done ;
And who, but God, reſum'd the friends he gave ?
And have I been complaining then ſo long ?
Complaining of his *favours* ; Pain and Death ?
Who without *Pain's* advice, would e'er be good ?
Who, without *Death*, but would be good in vain ?

✵o✵

Heav'n gives us friends to bleſs the *preſent* ſcene;
Reſumes them, to prepare us for the next.
All evils *natural* are moral good;
All diſcipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.

✵o✵

Affliction is the good man's ſhining ſcene;
Proſperity conceals his brighteſt ray;
As *Night* to *ſtars*, *woe* luſtre gives to man.

The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;
An ever-green, that ſtands the Northern blaſt,
And bloſſoms in the rigour of our fate.

✵o✵

——————————I'll pay life's tax
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it miſery to be a man.

Unfathomably deep our treaſure runs
In golden veins, through all eternity.

Whoſe *threats* are *mercies*, whoſe injunctions, *guides*,
Aſſiſting, not reſtraining, reaſon's choice;
Whoſe *ſanctions*, unavoidable *reſults*
From nature's courſe, indulgently reveal'd.
Thus, an indulgent father warns his ſons,
"Do this; Fly that"—nor always tells the cauſe;
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repoſe.

Great God———————
Thy ways admit no blemiſh; none I find;
Not one, to ſoften *Cenſure*'s hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate peeviſh *Grief*'s complaint,
Who, like a *Demon*, murmuring from the duſt,
Dares into judgment call her Judge——

Amid my liſt of bleſſings infinite,
Stand this the foremoſt, " That my heart has bled."

May heav'n ne'er truſt my friend with happineſs,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller ſome riſing ground,
Some ſmall aſcent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And meaſures with his eye the various vales,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers he has paſt;
And, ſatiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by diſtance; nor affects more toil;
Thus I review the paths the Muſe has trod,

Oh majeſtic Night!
Nature's great anceſtor! Day's elder born!
And fated to ſurvive the tranſient ſun!
By mortals, and immortals, ſeen with awe!
A ſtarry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waiſt: clouds, in Heav'n's loom
Wrought through varieties of ſhape and ſhade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and heav'n throughout,
Voluminouſly pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (Nature's moſt auguſt,
Inſpiring aſpect!) claim a grateful verſe;
And like a ſable curtain, ſtarr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours paſt, ſhall cloſe the ſcene.

Above our atmoſphere's inteſtine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the Northern neſts of feather'd ſnows,

The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; above the caves
Where infant tempeſts wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that Roar,
Which ſoon perhaps, ſhall ſhake a guilty world;
Above miſconſtru'd omens of the ſky,
Far-travell'd comets calculated blaze,
Elance thy thought, and think of more than man.
Thy ſoul, till now, contracted, wither'd, ſhrunk,
Blighted by blaſts of Earth's unwholeſome air,
Will bloſſom *here*; ſpread all her faculties
To theſe bright ardors; ev'ry power unfold,
And riſe into ſublimities of thought.
Stars *teach*, as well as *ſhine*. At nature's birth,
Thus their commiſſion ran—"Be kind to *man*."

❋o❋

Why from yon arch, that infinite of ſpace,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which ſet the living firmament on fire,
At the firſt glance, in ſuch an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Ruſhes *Omnipotence?*———

And ſee, *day*'s amiable ſiſter ſends
Her invitation, in the ſofteſt rays
Of mitigated luſtre; courts thy ſight,
Which ſuffers from her tyrant brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the ſkies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With *gain*, and *joy*, ſhe bribes thee to be wiſe.
Night opes the nobleſt ſcenes, and ſheds an awe,
Which gives thoſe venerable ſcenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart.
Nor is the profit greater than the joy,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inſpire delight.

What ſpeak I more, than I this moment feel?
With pleaſing ſtupor firſt the ſoul is ſtruck;
Then into tranſport ſtarting from her trance,
With love, and admiration, how ſhe glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! this diſplay!
This oſtentation of creative power!

This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine inchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the firſt magnitude to launch
In endleſs ſpeculation, and adore?
One ſun by day, by night ten thouſand ſhine,
How boundleſs in magnificence and might!
Oh what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the ſteep of heav'n,
Streams to a point, and centres in my ſight!
Nor tarries *there*; I feel it at my heart.
My heart, at once, it humbles and exalts;
Lays it in duſt, and calls it to the ſkies.
Who ſees it, unexalted, and unaw'd?
Who ſees it, and can ſtop at what is ſeen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy *Him* who made it! worthy praiſe!
All praiſe! praiſe more than human! nor denied
Thy praiſe *Divine!*—But though man, drowned in ſleep,
With-holds his homage, not alone I wake;
Bright legions ſwarm unſeen, and ſing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this His univerſal temple, hung
With luſtres, with innumerable lights,

Which ſhed Religion on the ſoul; at once,
The *Temple*, and the Preacher; Oh how loud
It calls Devotion! genuine growth of night!

Vaſt concave! ample dome! was thou deſign'd
A meet apartment for the DEITY?———
Not ſo; that thought alone thy ſtate impairs,
Thy *lofty* ſinks, and ſhallows thy *profound*.

But when I drop my eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is reſtor'd,
Oh nature! wide flies off th' expanding round.
As when whole magazines, at once, are fired,
The ſmitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vaſt diſploſion diſſipates the clouds;
Shock'd Æther's billows daſh the diſtant ſkies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a ſpacious womb,
Might teem with new Creation; reinflam'd,
Thy luminaries triumph, and aſſume
Divinity themſelves. Nor was it ſtrange,
Matter high-wrought to ſuch ſurpriſing pomp,
Such godlike glory, ſtole the ſtyle of Gods,

From ages dark, obtus'd, and ſteep'd in ſenſe:
For ſure, to ſenſe, they truly are divine,
And half-abſolv'd idolatry from guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was
In thoſe, who put forth all they had of man
Unloſt, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
But weak of wing, on planets perch'd, and thought
What was their higheſt, muſt be their ador'd.

Has the great Sovereign ſent ten thouſands worlds;
To tell us *He* reſides above them all,
In Glory's unapproachable receſs?
And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny
The ſumptuous, the magnific embaſſy,
A moment's audience? turn we, nor will hear
From *whom* they come, or what they would impart
For man's emolument? ſole cauſe that ſtoops
Their grandeur to man's eye.———

Leſſon how various! not the God alone,
I ſee His Miniſters; I ſee, diffus'd
In radiant orders, Eſſences ſublime,

Of various offices, of various plume,
In heav'nly liveries diſtinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they ſtand, with wings outſpread,
Liſt'ning to catch the Maſter's leaſt command,
And fly through Nature e'er the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—well conceiv'd
By *Pagan*, and by *Chriſtian!* o'er each ſphere
Preſides an angel to direct its courſe,
And feed, or fan, its flames; or to diſcharge
Other high truſt unknown. For who can ſee
Such pomp of *matter*, and imagine *mind*,
For which alone inanimate was made,
More ſparingly diſpens'd? That nobler Son,
Far liker the great Sire!—'Tis thus the ſkies
Informs us of ſuperiors numberleſs,
As much in excellence above mankind,
As above earth, in magnitude, the ſpheres.
Theſe, as a cloud of witneſſes, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
Perhaps a thouſand Demigods deſcend
On every beam we ſee, to walk with men.
Awful reflection! ſtrong reſtraint from ill!

Yet, here, our Virtue finds ſtill ſtronger aid
From theſe etherial glories *Senſe* ſurveys.
Something like magic ſtrikes from this blue vault;
With juſt attention is it view'd? we feel
A ſudden ſuccour, unimplor'd, unthought;
Nature herſelf does half the work of man.
Seas, rivers, mountains, foreſts, deſerts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of ſubterranean, excavated grots,
Black-browed, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From Nature's ſtructure, or the ſcoop of Time.

Enter a temple, it will ſtrike an awe:
What awe from this the Deity has built!

And yet, ſo thwarted Nature's kind deſign
By daring man, he makes her ſacred awe
(That guard from ill) his ſhelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celeſtial Art's intent. The trembling ſtars
See crimes gigantic, ſtalking through the gloom
With front erect, which hide their heads by day,

And making night ſtill darker by their deeds.
Slumb'ring in covert, till the ſhades deſcend,
Rapine, and murther link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miſer earths his treaſure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him e'er morn.
Now plots, and foul conſpiracies awake;
And (muffling up their horrors from the moon)
Havock and devaſtation they prepare,
And kingdoms tottering in the field of blood.
Now ſons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What ſhall I do?—ſuppreſs it? or proclaim?
Why ſleeps the Thunder? Now, now behold!
His beſt friend's couch the rank adulterer
Aſcends ſecure; and laughs at Gods and Men.
Prepoſterous madmen void of fear or ſhame
Lay their crimes bare to the chaſte eyes of heav'n;
Yet ſhrink, and ſhudder, at a mortal's ſight.
Were moon, and ſtars, for villains only made?
To guide, yet ſcreen them with tenebrious light?
No—they were made to faſhion the ſublime
Of human hearts, and wiſer make the wiſe.

Thoſe ends were anſwer'd once; when mortals liv'd
Of ſtronger wing, of aquiline aſcent

In theory ſublime. Oh how unlike
Thoſe vermin of the night, this moment ſung,
Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed!
Thoſe ancient ſages, human ſtars! they met
Their brothers of the ſkies at midnight hour;
Their counſel aſk'd, and what they aſk'd, obey'd.
The Stagirite, and Plato, he who drank
The poiſoned bowl, and he of *Tuſculum*,
With him of *Corduba*, (immortal names!)
In theſe unbounded, and Elyſian walks,
(An Area fit for Gods, and godlike men)
They took their nightly round, thro' radiant paths
By *Seraphs* trod; inſtructed chiefly thus,
To tread in their bright footſteps here below;
To walk in worth ſtill brighter than the ſkies.
There they contracted their contempt of *Earth*;
Of hopes eternal kindled *there* the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great viſitants!) more intimate with God.

✷o✷

The ſoul of man was made to walk the ſkies;
Delightful outlet of her priſon *here!*
There, diſencumber'd from her chains, the ties

Of toys terreſtrial, ſhe can rove at large;
And *undeluded*, graſp at ſomething great.

o

I meet the DEITY at every view,
And tremble at my nakedneſs before him.

***

——————————As aw'd
To ſilence, by the preſence of their Lord;
Or huſh'd by his command, in love to man,
And bad let fall ſoft beams on human reſt,
Reſtleſs themſelves! On yon cœrulean plain,
In exultation to their God, and thine,
They dance, they ſing eternal Jubilee,
Eternal celebration of his praiſe.

***

——————————As theſe ſpheres
Meaſure duration, they no leſs inſpire
The godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundleſs ſpace, through which theſe rovers take
Their reſtleſs roam, ſuggeſts the ſiſter-thought

Of boundleſs *Time*. Thus by kind Nature's ſkill,
To man unlabour'd, that important gueſt
Eternity, finds entrance at the ſight;
And an *eternity* for man ordain'd,
Or theſe his deſtin'd midnight counſellors
The ſtars, had never whiſper'd it to man.

Can yonder *Moon* turn ocean in his bed,
From ſide to ſide, in conſtant ebb and flow,
And purify from ſtench his watery realms?
And fails her *moral* influence? wants ſhe power
To turn the ſtubborn tide of thought
From ſtagnating on *earth*'s infected ſhore,
And purge from nuiſance his corrupted heart?
Fails her *attraction* when it draws to heaven?

——————And where to count
The thick-ſown glories in this field of fire
Perhaps a ſeraph's computation fails.

Who turns his eye on Nature's midnight face,
But muſt enquire—" What hand behind the ſcene,
" What arm Almighty put theſe wheeling globes
" In motion, and wound up the vaſt machine?
" *Who* rounded in his palm theſe ſpacious orbs?
" *Who* bowl'd them flaming through the dark profound,
" Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,
" Or ſparks from populous cities in a blaze,
" And ſet the boſom of *Old Night* on fire?
" Peopled her deſert, and made horror *ſmile?*

———————————" *Who* diſbands
" Theſe vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
" If e'er diſbanded?" *He*, whoſe potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levied firſt their powers
In *Night*'s inglorious empire, where they ſlept
In beds of darkneſs; arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, and diſciplin'd, and cloath'd in gold;
And call'd them out of chaos to the field,
Where now they war with Vice and Unbelief.

And hangs *Creation*, like a precious gem,
Though little, on the footſtool of his throne!

That little gem, how large! a weight let fall
From a fix'd ſtar, in ages can it reach
This diſtant earth? Say then——
Where ends this mighty building? where begin
The ſuburbs of Creation? where the wall
Whoſe battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-exiſtence? *Nothing*'s ſtrange abode?
Say, at what point of ſpace JEHOVAH dropp'd
His ſlacken'd line, and laid his balance by;
Weigh'd *worlds*, and meaſur'd *Infinite* no more?
Where rears his *terminating pillar* high
Its extra-mundane head? and ſays——
In characters illuſtrious as the ſun,

I ſtand the plan's proud period; I pronounce
The work accompliſh'd; the Creation clos'd, &c.

Yet why drown Fancy in ſuch depths as theſe?
Return, preſumptuous rover! and confeſs
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too ſmall.
Enjoy we not full ſcope in what is *ſeen?*
Full ample the dominions of the ſun!
Full glorious to behold! How far, how wide,
The matchleſs monarch from his flaming throne,
Laviſh of luſtre, throws his beams about him,
Farther, and faſter, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!

——————————————He
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the Queen of Heaven
Walking in brightneſs, or her train ador'd.
Their ſublunary rivals have long ſince
Engroſs'd his whole devotion;————
Cauſe him to ſacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madneſs, call'd *Delight.*
Idolater, more groſs than ever kiſs'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove! ———— ————

Say gentle Night! whoſe modeſt, maiden beams
Give us a *new* Creation, and preſent
The world's great picture ſoften'd to the ſight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent ſtill,
Say thou, whoſe mild dominion's ſilver key
Unlocks our hemiſphere, and ſets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious ſtar of noon!
Can'ſt thou not draw a deeper ſcene?—And ſhew
The mighty *Potentate*, to whom belong
Theſe rich regalia pompouſly diſplay'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of *Uz*,
I gaze around; I ſearch on every ſide——
Oh! for a glimpſe of *Him* my ſoul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the deſart waſte,
Pants for the living ſtream; for *Him* who made her
So pants the thirſty ſoul, amid the blank
Of ſublunary joys——————

In ardent Contemplation's rapid car,
From *Earth*, as from my barrier, I ſet out.

How ſwift I mount! diminiſh'd earth recedes!
I paſs the Moon; and from her farther ſide,
Pierce Heav'n's blue curtain; ſtrike into *remote*;
Where with his lifted tube, the ſubtil Sage
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to *celeſtial* lengthens *human* ſight.
I pauſe at every planet on my road,
And aſk for *Him* who gives theſe orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to ſhine.—From *Saturn's Ring*,
In which, of earths an army might be loſt, &c.

" Oh ye, as diſtant from my little home,
" As ſwifteſt ſun-beams in an age can fly!—
" Whate'er your nature, *this* is paſt diſpute,
" Far other life you live, far other tongue
" You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
" Than man. How various are the works of GOD!
" But ſay, *what* thought! Is *Reaſon* here inthron'd,
" And abſolute? Or *Senſe* in arms againſt her?
" Have you *two* lights? Or need you no *reveal'd?*
" Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
" And had *your* Eden an *abſtemious* Eve?

" Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd?
" And if redeem'd——is *your Redeemer ſcorn'd?*
" Is this your final reſidence? If not,
" Change you your ſcene, *tranſlated?* Or by *Death?*
" And if by *Death? What* death?—Know you diſeaſe?
" Or horrid war?—With war, this fatal hour,
" Europa groans (ſo call we a ſmall field,
" Where kings run mad). In *our* world, *Death* deputes
" *Intemperance* to do the work of *age*;
" And hanging up the quiver Nature gave him,
" As ſlow of execution, for diſpatch,
" Sends forth *imperial* butchers; bids them ſlay
" Their ſheep (the ſilly ſheep they fleec'd before)
" And toſs him twice ten thouſand at a meal.
" Sit all *your* executioners on thrones?
" With *you*, can rage for plunder make a GOD?
" And *bloodſhed* waſh out every other ſtain?——
" But you, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter groſs
" Your ſpirits clean are delicately clad
" In fine-ſpun ether; privileg'd to ſoar
" Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
" The lot of man!——————————

" Call'd here Elijah in his flaming car?
" Paſs'd by you the good Enoch on his road

" To thoſe fair fields whence *Lucifer* was hurl'd?
" Who bruſh'd perhaps your ſphere in his deſcent,
" Stain'd your pure cryſtal ether, or let fall
" A ſhort eclipſe from his portentous ſhade.

***

———————Here human effort ends,
And leaves me ſtill a ſtranger to his throne.

Full well it might! I quite miſtook my road,
Born in an age more curious, than devout;
More fond to fix the *place* of Heav'n or Hell,
Than ſtudious this to ſhun, or that ſecure.
'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path,
That leads me to my point:——
Without or ſtar or angel for their guide,
Who worſhip GOD, ſhall find him. Humble Love,
And not proud Reaſon, keeps the door of heav'n;
Love finds admiſſion, where proud *Science* fails.
Man's ſcience is the culture of his heart;
And not to loſe his plumbet in the depths
Of *nature*, or the more profound of GOD,
Either to know, is an attempt that ſets
The wiſeſt on a level with the fool.

Each of theſe ſtars is a religious houſe;
I ſaw their altars ſmoke, their incenſe riſe,
And heard *Hoſannas* ring through every ſphere,
A ſeminary fraught with future Gods.
Nature all o'er is conſecrated ground,
Teeming with growth immortal, and divine.
The GREAT PROPRIETOR's all bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waſte; but ſows theſe fiery fields
With ſeeds of reaſon, which to virtues riſe
Beneath His genial ray———————

———————With what burſt of heart,
The whole, at once revolving in his thought,
Muſt man exclaim, adoring and aghaſt?
" Oh what a Father! what a Family!
" Worlds! Syſtems! and Creations!———

How, like a widow in her weeds, the *Night*
Amid her glimm'ring tapers ſilent ſits!

How ſorrowful, how deſolate, ſhe weeps
Perpetual dews, and ſaddens Nature's ſcene!

o

Earth, turning from the Sun, brings night to man;
Man, turning from his God, brings endleſs night;
Where thou canſt read no morals, find no friend,
Amend no manners, and expect no peace.

❖

————————If there is force in ſounds
Chanted beneath the glimpſes of the moon,
A Magic, at this planetary hour,
When ſlumber locks the general lip, and dreams
Through ſenſeleſs mazes hunt ſouls uninſpir'd,
Attend——the ſacred myſteries begin——
My ſolemn night-born adjuration hear;
Hear, and I'll raiſe thy ſpirit from the duſt;
While the ſtars gaze on this inchantment new;
Inchantment, not infernal, but divine!

" By *ſilence*, *Death*'s peculiar attribute!
" By *darkneſs*, *Guilt*'s inevitable doom!

" By *Darkneſs*, and by *Silence*, ſiſters dread!
" Who draw the curtain round *Night*'s ebon throne,
" And raiſe ideas, ſolemn as the ſcene!
" By Night, and all of awful, Night preſents
" To thought, or ſenſe (of awful much, to both
" The Goddeſs brings)! By theſe her trembling *fires*,
" Like *Veſta*'s, ever burning; and like her's,
" Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure!
" By theſe bright orators, that prove, and praiſe,
" And preſs thee to revere, the DEITY!
" Perhaps too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile,
" To reach *His* throne; as *ſtages* of the ſoul,
" Through which, at different periods, ſhe ſhall paſs,
" Refining gradual, for her final height,
" And purging off ſome droſs at every ſphere!
" By this dark *pall* thrown o'er the *ſilent* world!
" By the world's kings and kingdoms, moſt renown'd,
" From ſhort ambition's zenith ſet for ever!
" Sad preſage to vain boaſters, now in bloom!
" By the long liſt of ſwift *Mortality*,
" From *Adam* downward to this ev'ning knell,
" Which midnight waves in *Fancy*'s ſtartled eye;
" And ſhocks her with an hundred centuries

" Round *Death*'s black banner throng'd, in human
" thought!
" By thouſands, *now* reſigning their laſt breath,
" And calling Thee—(wer't thou ſo wiſe to hear!)
" By tombs o'er tombs ariſing; human earth
" Ejected to make room for—human earth;
" The *monarch*'s terror! and the ſexton's trade!
" By pompous obſequies, which ſhun the day,
" The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume*,
" Which makes poor man's humiliation proud!
" Boaſt of our *ruin*, triumph of our duſt!
" By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones,
" And the pale lamp, which ſhews the ghaſtly dead
" More ghaſtly, through the thick incumbent gloom!
" By *viſits* (if there are) from darker ſcenes,
" The gliding ſpectre! and the groaning grove!
" By groans, and graves, and miſeries which groan
" For the grave's ſhelter! By deſponding men
" Senſeleſs to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
" By *guilt*'s laſt audit! By yon moon in blood,
" The rocking firmament, the falling ſtars,
" And thunder's laſt diſcharge, great Nature's knell!
" By *Second Chaos*; and *Eternal Night*."———

Be wise———————————

———————But now, *Sleep*'s dewy wand
Has ſtrok'd my drooping lids, and promiſes
My long arrear of reſt; the downy God
(Wont to return with our returning peace)
Will pay, e'er long, and bleſs me with repoſe.
Haſte, haſte, ſweet ſtranger! from the peaſant's cot,
The ſhip-boy's hammock, or the ſoldier's ſtraw,
Whence *Sorrow* never chas'd thee; with thee bring
Not hideous viſions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well taſted, cordial reſt;
Man's rich reſtorative; his balmy bath
Which ſupples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which aſks ſuch frequent periods of repair.
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the ſucceeding dawn;
Freſh we ſpin on, till ſickneſs clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the ſpring, and motion ends—

Who gav'ſt us *ſpeech* for far, far humbler themes!

✵o✵

" His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues too!
" Thoſe ſmaller faults, half-converts to the Right.
" Nor let me cloſe theſe eyes, which never more
" May ſee the ſun (though Night's deſcending ſcale
" Now weighs up Morn) unpitied, and unbleſs'd."

✵o✵

True taſte of life, and conſtant thought of death;
The thought of death ſole victor of its dread!
Hope be thy joy, and probity thy ſkill.

✵o✵

How muſt a ſpirit, late eſcap'd from earth,
The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
Look back aſtoniſh'd on the ways of men,
Whoſe lives whole drift is to forget their graves!

✵o✵

For what is *Hell?*——————————
——————full knowledge of the *Truth*,
When *Truth* reſiſted long, is ſworn our foe,
And calls *Eternity* to do her right.

E N D.

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